The Men of Zanzibar—

Love, Mystery, Surprises—One of the Best Stories Ever Written

—By Richard Harding Davis

WHEN his hunting trip in Uganda was over Hemingway shipped his specimens and weapons direct from Mombasa to New York, but he himself journeyed south over the few miles that stretched to Zanzibar.

On the morning he arrived he had called upon Harris, his consul, to inquire about the hotel, and that evening Harris had returned his call and introduced him at the club.

One of the men there asked Hemingway what brought him to Africa, and when he answered simply and truthfully that he had come to shoot big game it was as though he had said something clever, and every one smiled. On the way back to the hotel, as they felt their way through the narrow slits in the wall that served as streets, he asked the consul why every one had smiled.

The consul laughed evasively.

"It's a local joke," he explained. "A lot of men come here for reasons best kept to themselves, and they all say what you said, that they've come to shoot big game. It's grown to be a polite way of telling a man it is none of his business."

"But I didn't mean it that way," protested Hemingway. "I really have been after big game for the last eight months."

In the tone one uses to quiet a child the consul answered soothingly.

"Of course," he assented; "of course you have." But to keep Hemingway from involving himself deeper he hinted tactfully, "Maybe they noticed you came ashore with only one steamer trunk and no gun cases."

"Oh, that's easily explained," laughed Hemingway. "My heavy luggage——"

The consul had reached his house.

"Please don't explain to me," he begged. "It's quite unecessary. Down here we're so darned glad to see any white man that we don't ask anything of him except that he won't hurry away. We judge them as they behave themselves here. We don't care what they are at home or why they left it."

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HEMINGWAY was highly amused. To find that he, a respectable, sport-loving Hemingway of Massachusetts, should be mistaken for a gun-runner, slave-dealer, or escaping cashier greatly delighted him.

"All right!" he exclaimed. "I'll promise not to bore you with my past, and I agree to be judged by Zanzibar standards. I only hope I can live up to them, for I see I am going to like the place very much."

Hemingway kept his promise. Of his past he made a point never to speak. Of the fact that a college was named after his grandfather and that on his father's railroad he could travel through many states he was discreetly silent.

The men of Zanzibar asked no questions. That Hemingway could play a stiff game of tennis, a stiffer game of poker, and on the piano songs from home was to them sufficient recommendation. In a week he had become one of the most popular members of Zanzibar society. Hemingway found himself reaching out to grasp the warmth of the place as a flower turns to the sun. For thirty years he had believed that completely to satisfy his soul all he needed was the gray stone walls and the gray-shingled cabins under the gray skies of New England, that what in nature he most loved was the pine forests and the fields of goldenrod on the rock-bound coast of the North Shore. But now, in the glaring sunlight of the equator, he reveled in the reckless generosity of nature, in the glorious confusion of colors, in the "blooming blue" of the Indian ocean, in the Arabian nights spent upon the housetops under the purple sky, and beneath silver stars so near that he could touch them with his hand.

He found it like being perpetually in a comic opera and playing a part in one. For only the scenic artist would dare to pain houses in such yellow pink and cobalt blue; only a "producer" would have conceived costumes so mad and so magnificent. Instinctively he cast the people of Zanzibar in the conventional roles of musical comedy.

His choruses were already in waiting. There was the sultan's bodyguard in gold-laced turbans, the merchants of the bazaars in red fezzes and gowns of flowing silk, the Malay sailors in blue, the black native police in scarlet, the ladies of the harems closely veiled and cloaked, the market women in a single garment of orange, or scarlet, or purple, or of all three, and the happy, hilarious Zanzabari boys in the color God gave them.

His comic opera lacked only a heroine and the love interest.

When he met Mrs. Adair he found both. Polly Adair, as every one who dared to do so preferred to call her, was, like himself, an American, and, though absurdly young, a widow. In the states she would have been called an extremely pretty girl. In a community where the few dozen white women had wilted and faded in the fierce sun of the equator, and where the rest of the women were jet black except their teeth, which were dyed an alluring purple, Polly Adair was as beautiful as a June morning. At least, so Hemingway thought.

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HE met her, three days after his arrival, at the residence of the British agent and consul general, where Lady Firth was giving tea to the six nurses from the English hospital and to all the other respectable members of Zanzibar society.

"My husband's typist," said her ladyship as she helped Hemingway to tea. "Is a copatriot of yours. She's such a nice gell; not a bit like an American. I don't know what I'd do in this awful place without her. Promise me," she begged tragically, "you will not ask her to marry you."

Hemingway promised.

"Because all the men do," sighed Lady Firth, "and I never know what morning one of the wretches won't carry her off to a home of her own. And then what would become of me? Men are so selfish! If you must fall in love," suggested her ladyship, "promise me you will fall in love with"—she paused innocently and raised baby-blue eyes in a baby-like stare—"with some one else."

Again Hemingway promised. He bowed gallantly. "That will be quite easy," he said.

Her ladyship smiled, but Hemingway did not see the smile. He was looking past her at a girl from home, who came across the terrace carrying in her hand a stenographer's notebook.

Lady Firth followed the direction of his eyes and saw the look in them. She exclaimed with dismay:

"Already! Already he deserts me, even before the ink is dry on the paper."

She drew the notebook from Mrs. Adair's fingers and dropped it under the tea table.

"Letters must wait, my child," she declared.

"But Sir George——" protested the girl.

"Sir George must wait, too," continued his wife. "The foreign office must wait, the British empire must wait until you have had your tea."

The girl laughed helplessly. As though assured her fellow-countryman would comprehend, she turned to him.

"They're so exactly like what you want them to be," she said; "I mean about their tea!"

Hemingway smiled back with such intimate understanding that Lady Firth glanced up inquiringly.

"Have you met Mrs. Adair already" she asked.

"No," said Hemingway, "but I have been trying to meet her for thirty years."

Perplexed, the Englishwoman frowned, and then, with delight at her own perspicuity, laughed aloud.

"I know!" she cried; "in your country you are what they call a 'hustler'! Is that right?" She waved them away. "Take Mrs. Adair over there," she commanded, "and tell her all the news from home. Tell her about the railroad accidents and 'washouts' and the latest thing in lynching."

The young people stretched out in long wicker chairs in the shade of a tree covered with purple flowers. On a perch at one side of them an orang-outang in a steel belt was combing the whiskers of her infant daughter; at their feet what looked like two chow puppies, but which happened to be Lady Firth's pet lions, were chewing each other's toothless gums, and in the immediate foreground the hospital nurses were defying the sun at tennis while the sultan's band played selections from a Gayety success of many years in the past. With these surroundings, it was difficult to talk of home. Nor on any later occasions, except through inadvertence, did they talk of home.

For the reasons already stated, it amused Hemingway to volunteer no confidences. On account of what that same evening Harris told him of Mrs. Adair, he asked none.

Harris himself was a young man in no way inclined to withhold confidences. He enjoyed giving out information. He enjoyed talking about himself, his duties, the other consuls, the Zanzibaris and his native state of Iowa. So long as he was permitted to talk, the listener could select the subject. But Hemingway had found him kind-hearted, intelligent, observing, and the call of a common country had got them quickly together.

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HEMINGWAY was quite conscious that the girl he had seen but once had impressed him out of all proportion to what he knew of her. She [illegible] too good to be true.

The discovery that on meeting a woman for the first time he still could be so boyishly and ingenuously moved greatly pleased him. It was a most delightful secret. So he acted on the principle that when a man immensely admires a woman and wishes to conceal that fact from every one else he can best do so by declaring his admiration in the frankest and most open manner. After the tea party, as Harris and himself sat in the consulate, he so expressed himself.

"What an extraordinarily nice girl," he exclaimed, "is that Mrs. Adair! However did a woman like that come to be in a place like this?"

It seemed to Hemingway that at the mention of Mrs. Adair's name he had found Harris mentally on guard.

"She just dropped in here one day," said Harris, "from no place in particular. Personally, I always have thought from heaven."

"It's a good address," said Hemingway.

"It seems to suit her," the consul agreed. "Anyway, if she doesn't come from there, that's where she's going—just on account of the good she's done us while she's been here. She arrived four months ago with a typewriting machine and letters to me from our consuls in Cape Town and Durban. She had done some typewriting for them. It seems that after her husband died, a few months after they were married, she learned to make her living by typewriting. She worked too hard and broke down, and the doctor said she must go to hot countries, the 'hotter the better.' So she's worked her way half around the world typewriting. She worked chiefly for her own consuls or for the American commission houses. Sometimes she stayed a month, sometimes only over one steamer day. But when she got here Lady Firth took such a fancy to her that she made Sir George engage her as his private secretary, and she's been here ever since."

In a community so small as was that of Zanzibar the white residents saw one another every day, and within a week Hemingway had met Mrs. Adair many times.

Hemingway had no work to occupy his time, and he placed it unreservedly at the disposition of his countrywoman. In doing so it could not be said that Mrs. Adair encouraged him.

He assured himself that a woman, young and attractive, in a strange land in her dependent position must of necessity be discreet, but in his conduct there certainly had been nothing that was not considerate, courteous and straightforward. He at last wondered if there was some one else, if he had come into her life too late. He set about looking for the man, and so he believed he soon found him.

Of the little colony Arthur Fearing was the man of whom Hemingway had seen the least. Like himself, Fearing was an American, young and a bachelor, but, very much unlike Hemingway, a hermit and a recluse.

Two years before he had come to Zanzibar. He conferred with the consuls, the responsible merchants, the partners in the prosperous trading houses. After a month of "looking around" he had purchased outright the good-will and stock of one of the oldest of the commission houses, and soon showed himself to be a most capable man of business. But, although every one was friendly to him, he made no friends.

It was only after the arrival of Mrs. Adair that he consented to show himself. In the presence of others he still was shy, gravely polite, and speaking but little and never of himself; but with Mrs. Adair his shyness seemed to leave him. Lady Firth decided that if her companion and protegee must marry she should marry Fearing. He was one of the pillars of Zanzibar society. The trading house he had purchased, under his alert direction, was making a turnover equal to that of any of its rivals. Personally, Fearing was a most desirable catch. He was well-mannered, well-read, of good appearance, steady and of impeccable morals.

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TO FIND that the obstacle in the path of his true love was a man, greatly relieved Hemingway. He had feared that what was in the thoughts of Mrs. Adair was the memory of her dead husband.

The presence of a living rival in no way discouraged him. It only was Polly Adair who discouraged him. All that an idle young man in love, aided and abetted by imagination and an unlimited letter of credit, could do, Hemingway did. But to no end.

The treasures he dug out of the bazaars and presented to her as trinkets he happened at that moment to find in his pockets were admired by her at their own very great value, and returned as having been offered her only to examine.

"It is for your sister at home, I suppose," she prompted. "It's quite lovely. Thank you for letting me see it."

Hemingway remarked grimly as he put a black pearl back into his pocket:

"At this rate, sister will be mighty glad to see me when I get home. It seems almost a pity I haven't got a sister."

The girl answered only with a grave smile. She admired a polo pony that had been imported for the stable of the boy sultan. But next morning Hemingway became the owner of it and proudly rode it to the agency. Lady Firth and Polly Adair walked out to meet him arm in arm, but there came into the eyes of the secretary a look that showed Hemingway that, before it had been proffered his gift-horse had been rejected. He acted promptly.

"Lady Firth," he said, "you've been so awfully kind to me—made this place so like a home to me—that I want you to put this mare in your stable."

Lady Firth had no scruples. In five minutes she had accepted, had clapped a saddle on her rich gift, and was cantering joyously down the Pearl road.

Polly Adair looked after her with an expression that was distinctly wistful. Hemingway said:

"Im glad you are sorry. I hope every time you see that pony you'll be sorry, because you have been unkind."

"But you know perfectly well," she smiled at him reassuringly, "that the reason I do not take your wonderful gifts isn't because I don't want them; but it's because I don't deserve them, because I can give you nothing in return."

"As the copy-book says," returned Hemingway, "'the pleasure is in the giving.' And to pretend that you give me nothing, that is ridiculous! Why, every minute you give me something," he exclaimed. "Just to see you, just to know you are alive, just to be certain when I turn in at night that when the world wakes up again you will still be a part of it—that is what you give me. And its name is—Happiness!"

Her eyes were filled with sudden tears, and so wonderful was the light in them that for one mad moment Hemingway thought they were tears of happiness. But the light died, and he saw, to his dismay, that she was most miserable.

The girl moved ahead of him to the cliff which overhung the harbor and the Indian ocean. Her eyes were filled with trouble.

"I am glad you told me," she said. "I have been afraid it was coming. I tried to stop you. I was rude and unkind——"

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"YOU certainly were!" Hemingway agreed cheerfully. "And the more you would have nothing to do with me, the more I admired you. And then I learned to love you. It seems now as though I had always known and always loved you. And now this is what we are going to do."

He wouldn't let her speak. He rushed on precipitately.

"We are first going up to the house to get your typewriting machine, and we will bring it back here and hurl it as far as we can off this cliff. I want to see the splash! I want to hear it smash when it hits that rock. It has been my worst enemy. You have been its slave; now I am going to be your slave. You have only to rub the lamp and things will happen. And because I've told you nothing about myself, you mustn't think that the money that helps to make them happen is 'tainted.' It isn't. Nor am I nor my father nor my father's father. I am asking you to marry a perfectly respectable young man. And when you do——"

Again he rushed on impetuously: "We will sail away across that ocean to wherever you will take me. To Ceylon and Toklo and San Francisco, to Naples and New York, to Greece and Athens. They are all near. They are all yours. Will you accept them and me?" He smiled appealingly, but most miserably. For in her eyes he had read, even as he spoke, her refusal of himself. When he ceased speaking the girl answered:

"If I say that what you tell me makes me proud, I am saying too little. But what you ask—what you suggest—is impossible."

"You don't like me?" said Hemingway.

"I like you very much," returned the girl, "and if I don't seem unhappy that it can't be it is because I always have known it can't be—I cannot tell you the reason," she said, "because it does not concern myself."

"If you mean you care for some one else," pleaded Hemingway, "that does not frighten me at all. "For you," he boasted, "I would go down into the grave as deep as any man. I know what I offer. I know I love you as no other man——"

The girl backed away from him as though he had struck her. "You must not say that," she commanded. "It is final! I cannot marry—you or any one. I—I have promised. I am not free."

"Nothing in the world is final," returned Hemingway sharply, "except death." He raised his hat, and, as though to leave her, moved away. He felt that for the present to continue might lose him the chance to fight again. But to deliver an ultimatum he turned back.

"As long as you are alive and I am alive," he told her, "all things are possible. I didn't give up hope. I don't give up you!"

The girl exclaimed with a gesture of despair:

"You won't understand that I am speaking the truth. You are right that things can change in the future, but nothing can change the past. Can't you understand that?"

"What do I care for the past" cried the young man scornfully. "I know only one thing— two things—that I love you, and that, until you love me, I am going to make your life hell!"

For an instant she let him clasp her hands in both of his.

Something in her face caused his heart to leap. But he was too wise to speak.

"She is engaged to Fearing," he told himself. "She has promised to marry Fearing. She thinks that it is too late to consider another man!" The prospect of a fight for the woman he loved thrilled him greatly.

"I'll show her it's not too late," he promised himself. "I'll show her which of us is the man to make her happy. And if I am not the man I'll take the first outbound steamer and trouble them no more. But before that happens," he also promised himself, "Fearing must show he is the better man."

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HEMINGWAY at the sunset hour betook himself to the consulate. At that hour it had become his custom to visit his fellow-countryman and with him share the gossip of the day and such a cocktail as only a fellow-countryman could compose. Later he was to dine at the house of the Ivory Company, and, as his heart never ceased telling him, Mrs. Adair also was to be present.

"It will be a very pleasant party," said Harris. "They gave me a bid, too, but it's steamer day tomorrow, and I've got to get my mail ready for the boat. Mrs. Adair is to be there."

Of Mrs. Adair, Harris always spoke with reverent enthusiasm, and the man who loved her delighted to listen. But this time Harris disappointed him.

"And Fearing, too," he added.

The conjunction of the two names surprised Hemingway, but he made no sign. Loquacious as he knew Harris to be, he never before had heard his friend even suggest the subject that to Zanzibar had become of acute interest.

Harris began to pace the room.

"There's no one," he complained suddenly, "so popularly unpopular as the man who butts in. I know that, but still I've always taken his side. I've always been for him." He halted and frowned down upon his guest.

"Suppose," he began aggressively, "I see a man driving his car over a cliff. If I tell him that road will take him over a cliff, the worst that can happen to me is to be told to mind my own business, and I can always answer back, 'I was only trying to help you.' If I don't speak, the man breaks his neck. Between the two, it seems to me, sooner than have anyone's life on my hands, I'd rather be told to mind my own business."

Hemingway's expression was distinctly disapproving, but, undismayed, the consul continued:

"Now, we all know that this morning you gave that polo pony to Lady Firth, and one of us guesses that you first offered it to some one else, who refused it. One of us thinks that very soon—tomorrow, or even tonight—you may offer that same person something worth more than a polo pony, and that if she refuses that, it is going to hurt you for the rest of your life."

Hemingway shot at his friend a glance of warning. In haste, Harris continued:

"I know," he protested, answering the look; "I know that this is where Mr. Buttinsky is told to mind his business. But I'm going right on. I'm going to state a theory, and let you draw your own deductions."

He slid into a chair, and across the table fastened his eyes on those of his friend. Undisturbed, but with a wry smile of dislike, Hemingway stared fixedly back at him.

"What," demanded Harris, "is the first rule in detective work?"

Hemingway let the consul answer his own question.

"It is to follow the woman," declared Harris. "And, accordingly, what should be the first precaution of a man taking his get-away? To see that the woman does not follow. But suppose we are dealing with a fugitive of especial intelligence, with a criminal who has imagination and brains? He might fix it so that the woman could follow him, he might plan it so that no one would suspect. She might arrive at his hiding-place only after many months, only after each had made separately a long circuit of the globe, only after a journey with a plausible and legitimate object. And, as strangers, under the eyes of others, they would become acquainted, would gradually grow more friendly, until at last people would say, 'Those two mean to make a match of it.' And then, one day openly, in the sight of all men, with the aid of the law and the church they would resume those relations that existed before the man ran away and the woman followed."

There was a short silence.

Hemingway broke it in a tone that would accept no denial.

"You can't talk like that to me!" he cried. "What do you mean?"

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THE consul regarded him with grave solicitude. His look was one of real affection, and, although his tone held the absolute finality of the family physician who delivers a sentence of death, he spoke with gentleness and regret.

"I mean," he said, "that Mrs. Adair is not a widow, that the man she speaks of as her late husband is Fearing!"

Hemingway tried to adjust his mind to the calamity. But his mind refused. As easily as with his finger a man can block the swing of a pendulum and halt the progress of the clock, Harris with a word had brought the entire world to a full stop.

From the harbor Hemingway heard the raucous whistle of the liner signaling her entrance.

Hemingway tried to urge himself to believe there had been some hideous, absurd error. But in answer came back to him phrases the girl had last addressed to him: "You can command the future, but you cannot change the past. I cannot marry you, or any one! I am not free!"

And then to comfort himself, he called up the look he had surprised in her eyes when he stood holding her hands in his. He clung to it, as a drowning man will clutch even at a piece of floating seaweed.

In a voice strange to him, he heard himself saying: "Why do you think that? You've got to tell me. This morning I asked Mrs. Adair to marry me."

The consul exclaimed with dismay, "I thought I was in time. I ought to have told you days ago, but——"

"Tell me now," commanded Hemingway.

"I know it in a thousand ways," began Harris. But to convince you," he went on, "I need tell you only one. I see I've got to show you. It's kindest, after all, to cut quick." He leaned farther forward, and his voice dropped. Speaking quickly, he said:

"Last summer I lived in a bungalow on the Pearl road. Fearing's house was next to mine. This was before Mrs. Adair went to live at the agency, and while she was alone in another bungalow farther down the road. I was ill that summer; I couldn't sleep. I used to sit all night on my veranda and pray for the sun to rise. No one could see me, but I could see the veranda of Fearing's house and into his garden. And night after night I saw Mrs. Adair creep out of Fearing's house, saw him walk with her to the gate, saw him in the shadow of the bushes take her in his arms, and saw them kiss. No one knows that but you and I, and," he cried defiantly, "it is impossible for us to believe ill of Polly Adair. And now when every one here believes they met for the first time in Zanzibar, when no one will be surprised if they should marry, they will go through the ceremony again, and live as man and wife, as they are, as they were before he fled from America!"

Hemingway rose, and slowly and heavily moved toward the door. "I will not trouble them any more," he added. "I'll leave at sunrise on that boat."

In the doorway Hemingway halted and turned back. "Why," he asked dully, "do you think Fearing is a fugitive? Not that it matters to her, since she loves him, or that it matters to me. Only I want her to have only the best."

Again the consul moved unhappily.

"I oughtn't to tell you," he protested, "and if I do I ought to tell the State Department and a detective agency first. They want him, or a man like him." His voice dropped to a whisper. "The man wanted is Henry Brownell, a cashier of a bank in Waltham, Mass., thirty-five years of age, smooth-shaven, college-bred, speaking with a marked New England accent, and—and with other marks that fit Fearing like the cover on a book. They are positive he is on the coast of Africa. I put them off. I wasn't sure."

"You've been protecting them," said Hemingway.

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"I WASN'T sure," reiterated Harris. "And if I were, the Pinkertons can do their own sleuthing. The man's living honestly now, anyway, isn't he?" he demanded, "and she loves him. Why should I punish her?"

His tone seemed to challenge and upbraid.

"Good God!" cried the other. "I'm not blaming you! I'd be proud of the chance to do as much. I asked because I'd like to go away thinking she's content, thinking she's happy with him."

"Doesn't it look as though she were?" Harris protested. "She's followed him half around the globe. If she'd been happier away from him she'd have stayed away from him."

So intent had been the men upon their talk that neither had noted the passing of the minutes or that the mail steamer had distributed her mail and passengers, and when a servant entered bearing lamps and from the office the consul's clerk appeared with a bundle of letters from the steamer both were taken by surprise.

"So late?" exclaimed Hemingway. "I must go. If I'm to sail at daybreak I've little time!"

As he advanced toward Harris with his hands outstretched in adieu the face of the consul halted him. With the letters the clerk had placed upon the table a visiting card and the consul stared at it in fascination. Moving stiffly, he turned it so that Hemingway could see. On it Hemingway read, "George S. Sheyer," and, on a lower line, "Representing the Pinkerton Agency."

Hemingway, with a groan of dismay, exclaimed aloud:

"It is the end!"

From the darkness of the outer office a man stepped softly into the circle of the lamp.

"'It is the end'?" he repeated inquiringly. He spoke the phrase with peculiar emphasis. His voice was cool, alert, authoritative. "The end of what?" he demanded sharply.

In the silence the detective moved into the light. He was tall and strongly built, his face was shrewd and intelligent.

"Which of you is the consul?" he asked. But he did not take his eyes from Hemingway.

"I am the consul," said Harris. But still the detective did not turn from Hemingway.

"Why," he asked, "did this gentleman, when he read my card, say, 'It is the end?' The end of what. Has anything been going on here that came to an end when he saw my card?"

Harris saw his friend slowly retreat, slowly crumple up into a chair, slowly raise his hands to cover his face. As though in a nightmare, he heard him saying savagely:

"It the the end of two years of hell, it is the end of two years of fear and agony! Now I shall have peace. Now I shall sleep! I thank God you've come! I thank God I can go back!"

Harris sprang between the two men.

"What does this mean?" he commanded.

Hemingway raised his eyes and surveyed him steadily.

"It means," he said, "that I have deceived you, Harris—that I am the man you told me of, I am the man they want." He turned to the officer.

"I fooled him for four months," he said. "I couldn't fool you for five minutes."

The eyes of the detective danced with sudden triumph. He shot an eager glance from Heminnway to the consul.

"This man," he demanded, "who is he?"

With an impatient gesture Hemingway signified Harris.

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"HE doesn't know who I am," he said. "He knows me as Hemingway. I am Henry Brownell of Waltham, Mass." Again his face sank into the palms of his hands. "And I'm tired—tired," he moaned. "I am sick of not knowing, sick of running away. I give myself up."

The detective breathed a sigh of relief that seemed to issue from his soul.

"My God," he sighed, "you've given me a long chase! I've had eleven months of you, and I'm as sick of this as you are." He recovered himself sharply. As though reciting an incantation, he addressed Hemingway in crisp, emotionless notes.

"Henry Brownell," he chanted, "I arrest you in the name of the commonwealth of Massachusetts for the robbery of the Waltham Title and Trust Company. I understand," he added, "you waive extradition and return with me of your own free will?"

With his face still in his hands, Hemingway murmured assent. The detective stepped briskly and uninvited to the table and seated himself.

"I want to send a message home, Mr. Consul," he said. "May I use your cable blanks?"

Inside the skull of Wilbur Harris of Iowa, U. S. A., American consul to Zanzibar, East Africa, there was going forward a mighty struggle that was not fit to put into words, for Harris and his conscience had met and were at odds.

So realistic had been the acting of Hemingway that for an instant Harris himself had been deceived. But only for an instant. With his knowledge of the circumstances he saw that Hemingway was drawing across the trail of the real criminal the convenient and useful red herring.

What was his own duty he could not determine. That of Hemingway he knew nothing, he could truthfully testify. And if now Hemingway claimed to be Henry Brownell, he had no certain knowledge to the contrary. He foresaw that his friend need only send a wireless from nantucket and at the wharf witnesses would swarm to establish his identity and make it evident the detective had blundered. And in the meanwhile Brownell and his wife, in some settlement still further removed from observation, would for the second time have fortified themselves against pursuit and capture. He saw the eyes of Hemingway fixed upon him in appeal and warning.

The brisk voice of the detective broke the silence.

"You will testify, if need be, Mr. Consul," he said, "that you heard the prisoner admit he was Henry Brownell and that he surrendered himself of his own free will?"

For an instant the consul hesitated, then he nodded, stiffly.

"I heard him," he said.

Three hours later, at 10 o'clock of the same evening, the detective and Hemingway leaned together on the steamship's rail.

"You are sure," Hemingway said, "you told no one?"

"No one," the detective answered. "Of course your hotel proprietor knows you are sailing, but he doesn't know why. And by sunrise we'll be well out at sea."

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THE words caught Hemingway by the throat. He had seen her for the last time; that morning for the last time had looked into her eyes, had held her hands in his. With a pain that seemed impossible to support, he turned his back upon Zanzibar and all it meant to him. And, as he turned, he faced, coming toward him across the moonlit deck, Fearing.

With a polite but authoritative gesture Fearing turned to the detective. "I have something to say to this gentleman before he sails," he said; "would you kindly stand over there?"

This, he guessed, must be some English official, some friend of Brownell's who generously had come to bid the unfortunate fugitive godspeed.

Assured of this, the detective, with his prisoner in full view, took up a position against the rail opposite.

Turning his back upon the detective and facing Hemingway, Fearing began abruptly. His voice was sunk to a whisper, but he spoke without the slightest sign of trepidation.

"Two years ago, when I was indicted," he whispered, "and ran away, Polly paid back half of the sum I stole. That left her without a penny; that's why she took to this typewriting. Since then I have paid back nearly all the rest. But Polly was not satisfied. She wanted me to take my punishment and start fresh. She knew they were watching her, so she couldn't write this to me, but she came to me by a roundabout way. And all the time she's been here she's been begging me to go back and give myself up. I couldn't see it. I knew in a few months I'd have paid back all I took, and I thought that was enough. But she said I must take my medicine in our own country, and start square with a clean slate. She's done a lot for me, and whether I'd have done that for her or not, I don't know. But now, I must! What you did tonight to save me, leaves me no choice. So, I'll sail——"

With an exclamation of anger, Hemingway caught the other by the shoulder and dragged him closer.

"To save you," he whispered. "I didn't do it for you. I did it, that you both could escape together, to give you time——"

"But I tell you," protested Fearing, "she doesn't want me to escape. And maybe she's right. Anyway, we're sailing with you at——"

"We?" whispered Hemingway, steadying his voice. "Then—then your wife is going with you?"

"My wife!" Fearing exclaimed. "I haven't got a wife! If you mean Polly—Mrs. Adair, she is my sister! And she wants to thank you. She's below——"

Hemingway flung him to one side, and was racing down the deck.

"One moment, there!" he shouted.

"One moment, there!" he shouted.

But the alert, bronzed young man barred his way.

In the moonlight the detective saw that he was smiling.

"That's all right," said Fearing. "He'll be back in a minute. Besides, you don't want him. I'm the man you want."

THE GIRL BACKED AWAY FROM HIM AS THOUGH HE HAD STRUCK HER. "YOU MUST NOT SAY THAT," SHE COMMANDED. "IT IS FINAL! I CANNOT MARRY YOU—YOU, OR ANY ONE. I—I HAVE PROMISED. I AM NOT FREE."

Curiosities of Vision.

SOME remarkable experiments, which any one, with a little care, can repeat for himself, have been made on the perspective effects of color. If on a screen of black velvet placed about ten feet away large letters are pasted, some blue and some red, the letters will not appear to be at an equal distance from the eyes. To some persons the red letters will seem nearer than the blue letters, while to others the contrary effect will be manifested, the blue letters appearing nearer than the red ones.

To produce this curious effect both eyes must be used. When one eye is closed the letters are all seen at the same distance. On opening the other eye one set of letters immediately appears to take a position in advance of the others.

The explanation is that a sort of stereoscopic effect is produced in the eye itself, depending on color. The image of a blue object is shifted by the eye toward one side and that of a red object toward the other side, the cause of the shifting being the eccentricity of the pupil of the eye.

This eccentricity may be increased by holding a black screen close to the eye so as to cover one-half of the pupil. The effect is best viewed by screening both pupils at the same time. If on looking at blue and red letters on a black background placed ten or twelve feet away you see the red letters nearer than the blue ones, screen off one-half of the pupil of each eye, on the outside, and you will then see the red letters retire behind the blue ones.

If you screen the pupils on the side toward the nose, you will see the red letters advance apparently still farther ahead of the blue letters.

If, on the other hand, you naturally see the blue in advance, screen the inner side of your pupils and the red will come to the front.

It has been shown by scientists that very beautiful effects can be produced with one eye alone when, instead of letters, red or blue rings are pasted on a background of the opposite color. Placing red rings on blue paper and using the right eye with the inner side of the pupil covered, the appearance is that of circular red hillocks resting upon a blue ground.

To produce this effect in its highest degree the paper should be held to the left and sloping in that direction. When the outer side of the pupil is screened the red rings become circular trenches in the blue paper.

Burned By Cold.

ANY one who has ever applied a moistened finger, or still worse, the end of the tongue, to a piece of frosty metal in winter has had painful experience of the fact that cold as well as heat can blister the skin. During some experiments in the production of excessively low temperatures a scientist accidentally "burned" himself with cold several times, and the effects were so remarkable that he deemed them worthy of a scientific paper.

It appears that there are two kinds, or degrees, of cold-burn. In the case of the less severe "burns" the skin at first turns red, but becomes blue the next day. The inflamed spot nearly doubles in size, with intense itching, and a period varying from a month to six weeks elapses before the wound heals.

When the contact with the cold substance is longer and more complete a "burn" of the second degree is produced. In this the skin falls off and the parts that the cold has reached "behave like foreign bodies." A malignant and stubborn wound is formed, and the process of healing is very slow, occupying several months.

A drop of liquid air falling on the experimenter's hand produced a cold-burn, which did not completely heal in six months, while a scorch from heat, accidentally inflicted on the same hand, and nearly at the same time, was healed in ten or twelve days.